

# Why Can't You See Me

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**Category:** IT (2017)

**Genre:** Multi, Stan is a bit of a voyeur and also sad, Underage Drinking, Unrequited Love, no happy ending

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

**Relationships:** Bill Denbrough/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/St Stanley Uris

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**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

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**Summary:**

They've all seen it coming, but Stan is not prepared when it happens

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## Author's Note:

This was inspired by the song Dancing On My Own by Calum Scott.

Just a little sad Stan, bc apparently I can't give the guy a break

Stan is standing in the corner close to the door, watching all the people squeezed into Richie's living room. They are still losers in high school, but some more than others and when there's a party at Richie Tozier's house everyone comes.

He nips at the red cup in his hands. Someone has once told him that beer is an acquired taste, but he's been drinking beer for almost two years now and it still tastes like shit. He drinks it anyway, because you need to be at least a little buzzed to survive a Richie Tozier party. Especially tonight.

His heart drops every time his eyes linger on the couple on the other side of the room. Everyone has seen it coming, Stan has too, but he always guessed he'd be over his crush by then or prepared enough that it wouldn't upset him as much. He was wrong. Beverly laughs at something Bill says and he brushes a strand of her hair behind her ear. Stan knows what's coming, knows he doesn't want to see, but he doesn't look away when Bill dips his head and catches her lips in a kiss.

He raises the cup and drinks the beer in large gulps, when someone slaps him on the back, making him spit and cough. Richie just grins at him, when Stan turns to glare.

"Fucking finally, am I right?", Richie says, nodding towards Bev and Bill. "Took them long enough."

Stan thinks it could've taken them another four years and it wouldn't

have been long enough for him. He's not stupid. He's never entertained the idea of Bill being interested in him or even just telling him about his feelings, but he still feels like someone punched him in the gut.

"Yeah", Stan says, forcing a smile. "Finally."

Richie pats Stan on the head – more like drags his hand across his face, but for once Stan doesn't care – and disappears into the crowd.

Unable to tear his eyes away from Bev and Bill, who are making out against the wall now, Stan feels like a creep. Her hand is twisted in his hair and Stan knows how soft it is, how great that must feel. He has pinned her against the wall with his body and Stan doesn't know how that must feel like, but he can imagine.

He's listened to Bill talk about Beverly for years and always thought that was the pinnacle of torture, now seeing this, he realizes how dumb he's been. They are friends, they hang out every day, is he really prepared to feel like this all the time?

The red cup is empty now and Stan crumples it up in his fist. He's about to go and throw it out, when Bill and Bev are done sucking face. He grabs her hand and leads her right to Stan. Their lips are swollen, their faces flushed and both of them grin at him foolishly.

"We're heading out", Bill tells him, when he's close enough to hear.

"Yeah", he says again, his voice sounding hollow. He doesn't know what else to say. He knows what Richie would say, but he'd rather bite his own tongue off than tell them to go and have fun.

Bev giggles as Bill drags her out the door. Stan watches them disappear and thinks he's never hated Beverly or Bill, but tonight is

full of firsts.